THE TEST OF THE SKY.

Not to Earth's test—to thine, wide-arching Sky!—
Bright, ruthless sky, in whose thrice-limpid blue
The unseen currents, air and fire and dew,
Do purify themselves continually;
Even to thy test and judgment, all things come;
Sky of a thousand storms,
A million stars—thou heaven bent o'er all,
Limitless, fathomless and inscrutable;
Laws, customs, creeds—the fabrics that men rear,
Unstayed, unglossed, must meet th' accuser here;
Full many a doctrine high in church or state,
Hallowed by usage, fair of outward guise—
Systems whose fragments still beguile the wise
Or bind the sumptuous dwellings of the great—
Laid bare to wind and sun
All crumbling show, worm-cankered and undone.
But wisdom shines more clear,
Truth even whiter; naught has love to fear,
Nor unstained faith, from yon broad glances sent
Down the blue gulf and dazzling firmament.
Thy face we seek—we, too, thou searching Sky,
In whose dread vault and glacial-bright abyss
Winged currents bind the unseen world to this;
Whose life renews earth's life perpetually;
Nor to men's courts—to thine, we also come!
Still to the desert lone
We steal apart, or mountain waste and high,
And wait the solemn verdict of the Sky.
—Dora Read Goodale, in the Atlantic.

A Solution of the Servant Difficulty

"I AM going to found an Order of Domestic Servants, and call it the Order of St. Zita," announced the enterprising Mrs. Hartley-Dunne, when I went to call upon her the other day.

"And will it be a success, do you think?" asked I.

"It must be," answered she with confidence. "Good servants are the things above all others that the world is crying out for now, and my order, coming just at the right moment, is quite certain to achieve a great success."

During the winter Mrs. Hartley-Dunne had already organized a course of lectures for soldiers' wives, instituted a Ladies' club in her country town, opened a vegetarian restaurant near Charing Cross, and subscribed half the funds towards a home for summer cats, so she felt entirely justified in speaking with decision about her present venture.

"But why name it Zita?" I demanded, wondering.

"My dear, I don't suppose you've ever heard of St. Zita," she returned; and I confessed my total ignorance with shame.

"Well, never mind," said Mrs. Hartley-Dunne, encouragingly, "between ourselves I don't think anybody does know anything about her, although her life is published by the Truth society for a penny."

"It must have been very clever of them to have written it if they do not know anything at all about her!" marveled I.

"Oh, no! I don't mean that," exclaimed my friend, precipitately; "of course the Truth society always does know everything about everybody."

"Do they, really? How extremely awkward! I shall have to be more careful for the future."

"What I meant was that you and people in our set, as a rule, are all in the dark where the Acta Sanctorum is concerned."

"Put me out of my misery quickly," pleaded I.

"If you care to know, St. Zita was an Italian peasant," Mrs. Hartley-Dunne explained, "born 1218, died 1278, who for nearly 50 years worked in the household of Fatinelli, at Lucca, and is the only domestic servant who has ever been canonized."

"Really! Indeed! Exactly so!" said I. "I don't quite know which is the most appropriate comment to make, but I wish to convey to your mind that I am tremendously impressed by what you tell me."

"And do you want to hear all about my order?"

"I am simply dying of curiosity," I replied.

"To begin with," she began, "a cousin of mine is going to lend me his country house in Hertfordshire for the Novitate house, and there Lady Abbess, and the Choir Zitines (called mothers of the congregation) will reside, and train the lay Zitines for service."

"But how to obtain the Postulants?" asked I.

"I have thought of that; orphans and foundlings can be easily supplied for that purpose by the cardinal."

"Of course they can," said I.

"And the rules are all drawn up."

"Oh! Let me hear the rules."

"1. A Zitine will be taught from the earliest years that she is the happiest and most fortunate of women.

"2. She will take the greatest care of the property of others, while never desiring any property of her own.

"3. She will dress in a simple manner, incapable of attracting the admiration of the opposite sex.

"4. She will only speak when charity or necessity requires her to do so.

"5. She will guard her eyes whilst talking to the milkman and the butcher boy.

"6. She will not clean the sink out with a dinner napkin.

"7. She will not make coffee in a beer-jug, should there already be two other coffee pots in the house.

"8. She will never pour paraffine upon the kitchen fire.

"9. She will never complain to any one except the lady abbess."

"Most comprehensive rules!" said I. "I shall have no hesitation in applying to you for all the domestic servants I may ever require."

"You will have to subcribe to the order, and become an oblate," said Mrs. Hartley-Dunne, gravely. "You know it is just possible that when a lady tells you she has never been able to find a servant to suit her, she herself may be a tiny bit to blame; and, for this reason it has been judged expedient that all masters and mistresses, after having their references thoroughly examined into, shall be divided into two classes—the worthy and unworthy, and only the former shall be admitted as oblates of the order of St. Zita. They will pay a yearly subscription, and be constantly supplied with servants from the home."

"It sounds most charming and delightful," I exclaimed.

"The greatest care will be taken in the placing of Zitines; and should a worthy ever have the misfortune to become an unworthy, its name will at once be taken off the books, and its subscription returned. The lady abbess, however, will be particularly discreet in listening to a Zitine's complaint, and she will frequently admonish a discontented servant that the circumstances objected to may very possibly be for the good of her soul."

"Most wise," quoth I.

"There are rules for the mistresses, too," Mrs. Hartley-Dunne continued. "They must never lay traps for their servants, or fuss about after them whilst they are working; and they will have to hold a chapter of faults every Saturday morning, when the Zitines will, one by one, accuse themselves of any breakages or acts of disobedience that may have occurred during the week. The mistresses will be allowed, if necessary, to administer a gentle reprimand, but they will have no power to inflict penances on those under their care. If it ever should happen that a Zitine turns out to be really unsatisfactory, she will have to be returned immediately to the Novitate house, where suitable penances will be inflicted upon her by the mothers of the congregation, and in this case, as in that of illness, her place will be at once refilled by another sister."

"I am glad to know that somebody is going to give her what for," said I.

Mrs. Hartley-Dunne looked at me disapprovingly, and went on: "During sickness and old age the Zitine will receive every care and attention at the Novitiate house, she will be surrounded by home comforts, waited on by bright young orphans, and allowed to sit unoccupied with her hands clasped a la her patron saint. This is the great feature of the order, which will be constantly alluded to, made the most of, and held out as an inducement to perseverance by the lady abbess and all the mothers of the congregation; and the thought of those folded hands in the future will cheer the young lay sister through many a working day."

"It would," said I.

"The motto of the order is Laborare est Orare, but the Zitine will not be required to study Latin: for all practical purposes a general idea of the meaning of the expression Facta non Verba will be considered sufficient. She will divide the 14 hours of her working day into seven parts, corresponding to the seven canonical hours, and she will be educated to understand that a proper performance of her duties from six a. m. till eight is equivalent to a course of devotional exercises."

"How systematically arranged!" I cried with admiration. "But are you never going to let her have any playtime at all?"

"She will be allowed a little modest recreation during her dinner hour, and again a little while just before she retires to rest; but should bells ring during that recreation she will be trained to answer them with cheerfulness and alacrity."

"Her price will be above rubies, as King Solomon observed."

"My dear, I cannot quite feel that you are entering into the spirit of the order with sufficient seriousness," said its founder, doubtfully.

"Oh, please, yes. Really I am. Do tell me more," I hastened to assure her. Should you think she will remain long in her situations?" asked I.

"Yes, I should say, that, as a rule, the Zitine will always remain in the same place," said Mrs. Hartley-Dunne, thoughtfully, "and mistresses will soon discover that that is one of the great advantages of having a nun for a servant—being already in a state of perfection she can never have any intention of leaving 'to better herself.'"
—Lady's Pictorial.

DIDN'T THRASH THE JUDGE.

A Case in Which Discretion Was Deemed to Be the Better Part of Valor.

At a term of the Nash county superior court, North Carolina, held by Judge William M. Shipp, the jury brought in a verdict which the judge did not approve, and he told the jury that they had committed perjury, or they were a set of fools and did not have sense enough to sit on a jury. One of the jurors was a Mr. Westray, who had been graduated from the state university, was a large land owner, and was known as the most successful farmer in the county. He was indignant over the insult offered the jury, and determined that for one he would not submit to it, provided he could resent it without going to jail, relates the New York Tribune.

So at the recess for dinner Mr. Westray approached the judge and asked him, as a matter of law appertaining to the prerogatives of a judge, if he, the judge, had any authority of law to say what he did to the jury. Judge Shipp answered that he certainly did have that right by law, otherwise he would not have exercised it. Mr. Westray then put this question: "Judge Shipp, if I should here and now proceed to give you a genteel thrashing for what you said to the jury, would you take it like a man for your part as an individual, or would you fall back on your judicial prerogatives and put me in jail?"

The judge said in that event the prerogatives would come into play and be mighty handy, and that he would board Mr. Westray at the expense of the county for two years. Mr. Westray then said: "Very well, judge, if that be the case, we will forego the thrashing," and walked off.

Set a Good Example.

Rimer—And who is your favorite poet, Mr. Kostique?

Kostique—Chatterton.

"Good gracious! What do you find to admire in him?"

"He committed suicide." — Stray Stories.

Kind Words Between Friends.

Maud—You looked really charming at last night's dinner.

Helen—O, you are flattering.

"Not at all. Honestly, I did not know you at first."—Stray Stories.

SALVATION STREET-CLEANING

A New Work Taken Up by the Army in Western Cities with Profit to Both Sides.

One of the newest achievements of the Salvation Army in the west is in the line of street cleaning. Besides cleaning the streets morally to some extent, the army in several western cities has taken up plain street cleaning, and not only does it well, but makes a profit out of it.

Mayor Hugo, of Duluth, a few days ago made a formal proposal to the army that it should undertake the whole work of keeping that city clean, using the unemployed to do the work and taking its profit out of the sale of rags, paper and street sweepings. The proposal is under consideration and will probably be accepted.

In Chicago the army has been collecting the city's rags, waste paper and junk for some time. Last year the wagons of the Chicago branch gathered up 780 tons of paper, 50,000 pounds of rags and 5,000 pounds of string, and sold the lot at a good price.

Many homeless waifs are employed in this work, and while coming under the good influence of the army thus get a chance to earn their food and lodging.

A CHESS-PLAYING TOWN.

One of the Requirements of Every Inhabitant of a Village in Hungary.

There is in Hungary a village probably unique among the world's towns, in that it not only encourages chess as a pastime, but insists that the king of games shall be played by every man, woman and child in the place.

It is just as necessary in this out-of-the-world spot for the inhabitants to be proficient chess players as it is for them to be able to read, write and cipher. Prizes are given to the school children for proficiency in chesse. Problems are given to the scholars that they are expected to take home and work out in their spare hours in addition to their other tasks.

Hungary has long been famous for her chess players. Indeed, this little village has, as can be well understood, turned out more than one player who has been considered fit to rank with such giants as Lasker, Steinitz or Tchigorin.

Every Christmas a great tournament is held in the village, and the burgomaster gives prizes for the best juvenile and adult players.

A Distressed Community.

According to the official report of the Ottawa, Kan., druggists, for March, it took 82 gallons of whisky, 88 gallons of alcohol, 38 gallons of wine, 14 gallons of gin, 23 gallons of brandy, 4 gallons of beer, 3 gallons of ale and 4 gallons of malt to cure the ills of that distressed community. The liquor was wanted for a multitude of diseases, ranging from ingrowing toenails to appendicitis. One honest fellow signed up under the "mechanical" clause of the constitution. He said he needed four gallons mechanically—he was going to have a "barn raisin'."

Tokio's Public Baths.

The city of Tokio has 800 public baths, where some 300,000 persons bathe daily at a cost of about one cent each.

A HUMMING BIRD'S TREE.

Scores of the Tiny Creatures Visit a Rockland (Me.) Cherry Tree Each Spring.

An interesting sight now daily to be seen at the home of W. O. Fuller, Jr., of this city, is a large cherry tree that is steadily visited from early morning to sunset by a large flock of humming birds, says a Rockland (Me.) report. Fully 100 of these dainty little creatures are to be seen ceaselessly darting among the branches of the tree, or poising themselves on wing before the fruit into which they reach for honey. The constant flutter of so many pairs of wings creates a whirring noise like the distant hum of machinery.

According to Chapman, but one variety of the humming bird is found here in the east, the ruby-throated, which breeds from Labrador to Florida. Its upper parts are bright, shining green; wings and tail fuscous with purplish reflections; throat beautiful metallic ruby-red, whence the name. The ruby-throat has no song, its only note being a squeak, expressive of distrust or excitement. There is a belief among some that the humming bird never alights when absent from its nest, but this is easily disproved, the little colony of them here alluded to exhibiting many refutations of this erroneous impression. The humming bird is as fearless as beautiful. Each spring while this cherry tree remains in blossom this visit of the humming birds recurs.

BIRDS THAT CAN TALK.

A Rose-Breasted Grosbeak That Made a Complimentary Remark to His Mate.

Prof. Scott, of Princeton, says that wild birds sometimes introduce variations into their songs, and again, more rarely, imitate not only the songs of other birds, but the barking of dogs, mechanical sounds, like the creaking of wheels, the filing of a saw, and even human speech. A writer in Bird-Lore gives this well-authenticated incident:

"One morning while I was standing on my back steps I heard a cheerful voice say: 'You are a pretty bird. Where are you?'

"I wondered how any parrot could talk loudly enough to be heard at that distance, for the houses on the street behind us are not near. Presently the voice came again, clear, musical and strong: 'You are a pretty bird. Where are you?'

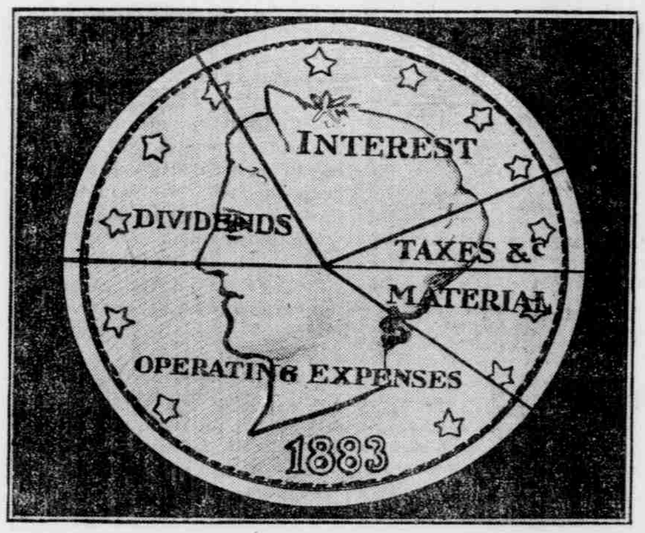
"For several days I endured the suspense of waiting for time to investigate. Then I chased him up. There he was in the top of a walnut tree, and his gorgeous attire told me immediately that he was a rose-breasted grosbeak.

"At the end of a week he was saying: 'Pretty, pretty bird, where are you?' He and his mate stayed near us all last summer, and this spring they came again. He is making the same remark, as plainly as ever a bird can speak."

Ping-Pong Dinner Parties.

The ping-pong dinner party is the latest thing. The guests come to dinner; and after the feast, which is not a very long one, they repair to the drawing room to wait until the dinner table is cleared. They all come back to the dining room, the net is spread and the ping-pong game begins.

HOW A CARFARE NICKEL IS DIVIDED.



Many people have wondered how much profit street car companies make. A statistical fellow of more than ordinary ability has compared the income of car companies with their operating expenses and interest charges and has found that by dividing each nickel into 5,000 parts the following result is obtained: Operating expenses, 1,950 parts; material, 485 parts; taxes and insurance, 265 parts; interest on bonds, 1,440 parts; dividends, 860 parts. The diagram gives a still clearer idea of the division, which, by the way, is based on the income of the Chicago street car companies.

MRS. HARRIET LANE JOHNSON.

Mrs. Johnson, who will attend the coronation at London at the special invitation of King Edward, is the niece of the late President Buchanan, and was mistress of the white house when King Edward, then the youthful prince of Wales, visited this country in 1860. Mrs. Lane was married in 1866 to Henry Elliott Johnson, and for a time lived in Wheatland, but now makes her home in Washington. The invitation sent her by the king is in memory of the hospitalities the then Miss Lane extended to the then prince of Wales in the white house. Mrs. Johnson has already accepted his majesty's hospitality.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The flatterer often gets the reputation of being a delightful conversationist.—Philadelphia Record.

In the practice of medicine it often happens that a jolly does the work the prescription gets credit for.—Puck.

When a man starts a conversation by saying he's a friend of yours, look out for some impertinent remarks.—Philadelphia Record.

The true test of civilization is not the census nor the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out.—Emerson.

"How long have you known Bingle?" "About a week." "Then how is it you say he is one of your closest friends?" "I have seen him spend his money."—Indianapolis News.

"See here!" cried the dyspeptic patron, "this coffee's cold." "Sure," replied the waiter. "Dis is a quick-lunch joint. If de coffee was hot you wouldn't have time to drink it."—Philadelphia Press.

Shingled.—"Harold, I must have your hair shingled," observed the fond mother as she curled the little fellow's golden tresses. "Ain't my sailor hat a good enuf roof?" asked the youngster, innocently.—Ohio State Journal.

"It's wonderful," said the meditative man, "how one small word, insignificant in itself, may induce an endless train of thought, speaking volumes, in fact." "Yes," replied the caustic man. "Take the word 'but,' for instance, when a woman says: 'Of course, it's none of my business, but.'"—Philadelphia Press.

IN HEART OF THUNDERSTORM.

Thrilling Experience of an Aeronaut in the Midst of the Warring Elements.

An English aeronaut who made an ascent in his balloon was gradually borne by the wind into the very heart of a thunder storm. In Pearson's Magazine he gives a vivid account of this unusual experience.

"But ere we were reluctantly compelled to admit that we were caught in bad weather there was a wild shriek in the air all around, and in less than a minute's space we were swallowed up in a pitiless onslaught of hail, which cut and bruised us, rattling with a furious patter on the silk above, and on the sides of our wicker car, bringing down, too, from the upper regions—from what height, who shall say?—an ice-cold down-draught, for which we were but ill-prepared.

"And then the thunder broke out. Up to this moment we had had little or no premonitory warnings, in the usual growling of an approaching storm. Indeed, the thunder, though appalling enough, proved not the most striking feature of the grand phenomena we were now about to experience—a fact, in accordance with the experiences of the mountaineers, already quoted. Moreover, the reverberations of the bomb which I now exploded a hundred feet below died away with unwonted quickness. This was remarked by all our party, and deserves further consideration. Certainly to our senses the rolling of the thunder was not prolonged. But again this may have been merely that its frequency and its nearness drowned the aftersound.

"For crash now followed crash with the briefest intermissions. It was like guns opening at short range, fast and furious, as in some sham fight which one may watch at sea. The flashes which came from all sides were invariably somewhat above us, as though from batteries on commanding heights; and each was followed smartly with a burst, closely resembling the solemn boom of heavy ordnance. They were single shots from masked embrasures.

"On one flank would come a fork of light—for even in the home of the lightning the eye could not give it any other shape—which for a brief interval lingerd painfully in the eye. Then the crash followed, and the black cloud closed up; a shot, as it were, with smokeless powder answered promptly by like discharges from opposite heights. It was all a wild, terrific war, to which the novelty of our situation lent a real terror. For it was borne in upon us that this was not a sham fight after all, but that all the sky around was a real battle ground, and we were in its focus.

A Grewsome Monument.

"In crossing the Colorado desert in Arizona one sees a frightful monument to the folly of a man who thought he could drive cattle across the desert with such speed that water would be unnecessary," said Mr. S. T. James, of San Francisco. "More than 20,000 carcasses lie at The Pools, in that desert. Thirty years ago an extensive cattleman, who was not familiar with the southwest, thought it would be no barrier to his plan of taking cattle across it from the west into the grazing country. When the cattle reached The Pools, which are small lakes of foul alkali water, they were so crazed by thirst that they killed each other in their attempt to get at the water. The air in that country is so dry and the sun so hot that carcasses dry up instead of decomposing. As one approaches that great herd of dead animals the carcasses look as though they were poorly fed cattle. The hair has not fallen from the carcasses and they have maintained their original shape.—Cleveland Leader.

Location of Taste.

It is a generally accepted belief that the sense of taste lies in the tongue and the palate. People speak of a fine palate, and many persons express astonishment that they can enjoy a delicacy as well after having had a plate fitted to their mouths by a dentist as they could before they paid a visit to that clever gentleman. But it appears from observations made by an Italian doctor that the sense of taste is not confined to the tongue and palate, but extends down the throat. You taste also with the epiglottis, that little valve at the base of the tongue, and the larynx, to which the epiglottis acts as an assistant, also takes part in the process. Concerning the palate, it is noteworthy that we taste with the soft part, which is at the back of the mouth, but not with the hard (or front) palate that explains the mystery of the dental plate.—Chicago American.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

MAKE HAY WHILE SUN SHINES.

Too Much Money Going To the North and West That Might Be Kept at Home.

We feel sure we can never say too much in favor of saving hay. We wish we could say so much, and say it in such a way, that we could stop the shipping in of so much hay from the north and west. This is a great drain upon our resources. We annually pay out thousands of dollars which should go into southern pockets. We can grow this hay cheaper than the parties from whom we purchase it can. We can do this because we have a greater variety of grasses to make it from and a longer season in which to make it. All we lack is the experience in hay-making. We must get away from our old habits and prejudices in this matter.

This is a question we need to study All dead grass is not hay. No mature grass makes good hay. In maturing the seed the stems and leaves become too woody to make first class hay. Hay is grass cut before maturity and cured. This is true of all the hay-producing plants. Many of them should be cut just before they bloom, others just as the seed begin to get in the dough stage. Hay should never get wet after it is cut, if it can be prevented. As soon as the hay begins to wilt, the little cells which contain the sugar and starch shrink. If the hay gets wet these swell and burst and the sugar and starch are washed out, and thus the hay is damaged. The dryer the hay the greater the damage is likely to be. Heavy dews do great damage in this way. Hay should never take more than one dew before it is raked up.

Many of the hay crops can be taken up as soon as cut, and carried directly to the barn and cured without exposure to sunshine.

If hay was in as ready demand as cotton there would be no trouble to get our southern farmers to growing it. But at present this is not the case in many places, and with much of the hay. Dealers do not know where they can get sufficient quantities of any particular kind of hay to authorize them to deal in it. Again there is not sufficient uniformity in the quality offered by different farmers. These are practical difficulties that must and can be overcome by the farmers themselves. As soon as this is done they will find that southern hay will find as ready and as steady market as cotton now does. Hay is not ready for market until it is neatly baled, and it is never first quality when cut too late, or when it has been wet before baling.

Now is the time to begin to look after the saving of the hay crop. Much of the wheat will be worth more for hay than for bread. Cut it just as it reaches the dough stage. It is easily cured and equal to corn and fodder both. It is far superior to the best timothy we ever get from the north. Oats cut and saved in the same way are nearly as good. German millet, cut before it is too far advanced towards ripening, is a very good coarse hay. Crabgrass, if nicely handled after being cut just as it begins to tassel out, is about the best of all the grass hays. This is not generally known, because it has been the custom to let it get too old before cutting. But why try to enumerate? There are about seventy hay-making crops that can be grown in the south to profit.—Southern Cultivator.

CLOVER IN ROTATION.

The Value of Clover in Rotation Now Coming to Be Well Understood.

The value of clover in rotation is now well understood. It supplies fertilizer nitrogen almost free of cost. In fact, but for this free nitrogen, on many farms the usual wheat-clover-timothy-corn rotation could not be followed with profit. For example, a 60-bushel corn crop uses 110 pounds of nitrogen, which as fertilizer, costs about $16, or over 26 cents per bushel of corn. At this rate, it would take dollar corn to make a profit. Clover, of course, follows wheat, though it is a very rare thing for fertilizers to be applied to the wheat in sufficient quantities for the wheat itself, and the clover is expected to make the most of what it can scrape together.

A crop of wheat, say an extra good one, uses about 57 pounds of nitrogen, 30 pounds of potash and 25 pounds of phosphoric acid; the fertilizer used was most probably 600 pounds per acre of a fertilizer testing 2 per cent. ammonia, 8 per cent. phosphoric acid and 1 per cent. potash; that is, 12 pounds of ammonia, 48 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 6 pounds of potash. Hence the clover starts off with a soil stripped bare of nitrogen and potash, but containing a little available phosphoric acid. But the clover family is essentially a potash fertilization group of plants, and without this potash, can not store up fertilizer nitrogen. The wheat crop has drawn upon the natural resources of the soil for 24 pounds of potash per acre, and a good clover crop needs about 168 pounds more. Where is it to come from?

As a matter of fact, on most farms, the clover does not get the required potash, and the farmer does not get the clover, nor does the soil get the full measure of fertilizer nitrogen. The other name for this sort of soil starvation is: "Clover Sickness." It is quite plainly shown above why clover it apt to be short of potash when it follows wheat, especially in soils many years under the plow. There is nothing intricate in any farmers' working out this problem on his own account. The plain fact is that commercial fertilizers are designed for single cropping years, and quite properly so, too. As for clover succeeding wheat, there are no soil-tillage operations. Most farmers neglect fertilization on that account alone. If a soil is well worn as soon as the wheat is off, a top dressing amounting to 175 to 200 pounds of actual potash should be broadcasted per acre, that is, 350 to 400 pounds of muriate of potash, and even this leaves nothing for the timothy for the second hay year.—Geo. K. Wilson, in Farmers' Home Journal.

THE ANGORA GOAT.

A Georgia Farmer Who Sees Wealth Ahead in Raising Angora Goats.

"I say to the farmers, if you want to get rich, raise goats. It is estimated the American manufacturers pay out about $30,000,000 every year for kid and goat skins. It is supposed also there are 265,000,000 acres of unimproved land, excellent for goat herding and almost worthless for anything else. Over 10,000,000 foreign goats and kids are slaughtered annually to supply our demands, and there is only about 300,000 raised in the United States. It is estimated that there are about 85,000,000 goats in the world. The skins are not all that is profitable, but also the fleece, flesh, tallow, etc. In Malta the goats have been developed to supply all the milk required for 170,000 inhabitants. The United States agricultural department claims that the goat can be made the most profitable of all domestic animals. He rejects the best grass, clover, etc. He prefers thistles, briers, thorns, cactus and all the weed family. They voluntarily clean the fields of those growths that require so much digging, grubbing and sweat of the farmer. While his doing all this service saving us of so much toil he is distributing the best fertilizer in the world, and the beauty of it is he manufacturers it himself. It won't cost a cent to make it and strew it as he goes. I have a plot of land, 26 acres, in Kentucky blue grass that has been there 40 years or more. I have run sheep and angoras on it for 15 years, and it has improved at least 50 per cent. They lived on it all last winter without a print of grain to the head and no hay or fodder, and it was the hardest winter we have ever had in this section of the country, so say the oldest men in the country. I am asked how much Mohair they give, how long it is, etc. Conditions have a good deal to do in this. If they are properly fed and sheltered in bad weather they will shear from five to ten pounds of Mohair. It is from six to eighteen inches long. The flesh is as good or better than the Shropshire lambs, which are considered as among the best kind of meat."—S. H. Austin, in Dixie Farmer.

Education for Farmers.

There are some men left who sneer at the suggestion that a college education helps a farmer; but how do they account for the fact that agriculture has kept step with educational advancement, not only in this country, but throughout th civilized world? By "college education" for farmers we mean more particularly agricultural college education, though any kind of college education helps one to farm, just as it helps in any other business. Before American agricultural colleges got in their work, there had been some slow progress made in agriculture from "experience," but any degree of progress worthy of notice required fifty to one hundred years, instead of from three to five years, as at present. Yet, many years ago there were some noted farmers, and most of them were college-bred men. Broadening of the faculties and the acquaintance with the operation of nature's laws acquired at college could but be helpful to any farmer. Why should not education, especially in the sciences, help the farmer? He has to deal with scientific questions daily whether to him any knowledge of the questions or not. To work in harmony with nature's laws requires some knowledge of such laws, and the whys and therefores of the phenomena which he observes. But special agricultural education is what every farmer needs, and if in addition to his classical and scientific erudition so much the better. The agricultural colleges are doing a great work for the American farmers, and together with the experiment stations are working a wonderful revolution in farm life.—Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—When our farmers generally become a reading people, they will get to thinking and then they will join the procession that is marching forward.

—If our farmers were well organized in every community they could save hundred of thousands of dollars annually in the single article of commercial fertilizers.

—Don't encourage laziness on the part of chickens by giving them all the food they can eat. Make it necessary for them to forage and the exercise will do them good.

—If farmer would take one good breed of fowls and carefully study their characteristics they would make double the profit than if they keep trying to originate some new breed.

—We must dismiss the old folly of supposing that our education is complete when we leave the school-room. It is only fairly begun. True education is the knowledge we obtain from daily experience.

—Where one has sufficient range there is no feathered fowl more profitable than the Bronze turkey. They are, however, great wanderers and sometimes cause much annoyance by straying off and not coming back.

—Don't feed fattening foods to dairy animals. The tendency to lay on flesh should be discouraged. Feed oats, peas, clover hay, pea hay, bran and the like and avoid so far as possible corn, barely and other highly carbonaceous foods.

—A cement floor is best for poultry houses. Naked earth is nearly as good, but more difficult to keep clean. Earthern floors should be filled in until six inches higher than the general surface to secure drainage and keep dry. This should be occasionally sprinkled with some good disinfectant.

—The south is far behind in the matter of farmers' organizations, and as a consequence we are annually losing millions of dollars. Shrewd men take advantage of our isolation and sell us all sorts of things at higher prices than we ought to pay, and buy up our produce at less than we ought to get for it.